A NEW LETANY FOR THESE TIMES,

Fitted to moſt
PERSONS and OCCASIONS:

BEING
An Eſſay in order to a New Reformation in the Three Nations.

Ordered, That this Letany *be forthwith Printed for publique ſatisfaction.*

LONDON.
Printed in the ſecond year of *Englands* Redemption from the Spawn of *Machiavel* and after the never to be lamented Death of *John Bradſhaw.*

A new LETANY *for theſe* Times.

FRom the terrible Name of a *LORD PROTECTOR*,
From the braves & the brags of a *Troy-novant* Hector,
From ſuch as drink nothing, ſave old *Adams* Nectar,
Libera me, &c.

From putting my foot in another mans Station,
From working the Ruines and Plagues of a Nation,
From the Terror that dayly attends Uſurpation,
Libera me, &c.

From ſuch as ſtill aime at the Publicks Good,
From thoſe that have two Faces under a Hood,
From a Reformation founded in Blood,
Libera me, &c.

From Parliament Men that are all for themſelves,
From the equity practic'd by *Weſtminſter* Elves,
From ſplitting my barke on ſuch dangerous ſhelves,
Libra me, &c.

From a Phyſitian that kills more then he doth cure,
From a vap'ring Companion that none can endure,
From the ſerious Verily of a Tradeſ-man demure,
Libera me, &c.

From a Preacher to's humor that tortures his Text,
From a Presbyterian if once he be vext,
From his Brotherly love and his Charity next,
Libera me, &c.

From ſuch as have fought for Religion, and Lawes,
From an Independent that's fierce for the Cauſe,
From a Lordly Juſt-aſſe that every man Awes,
Libera me, &c.

From Saints of both Genders that meet in the Night,
From leaving Old Truth to imbrace a New Light,
From a pretended Title to what is my Right,
Libera me, &c.

From Policy conſiſting in Cozening, and Cheating,
From a good turne not granted without much intreating,
From a ſenceleſſe long Pray'r with a horrible bleating,
Libera me, &c.

From Inventors of Plots to betray Honeſt Men,
From Subjects Liberty no man knows when,
From ending my dayes like a Rogue in a Den,
Libera me, &c.

From Covenants, and Oaths, which no man can keep,
From the craft of a Fox when he ſeemeth to ſleep,
From a Wolfe that appeares in the garbe of a Sheep,
Libera me, &c.

From riſing a mornings before it be five,
From taſting the Hony of another mans Hive,
From a Miſtris whoſe anſwers are ſtill Negative,
Libera me, &c.

From the dreadfull threats of a Tyrannous Power,
From griping Uſurers that love to devour,
From marying a wench whoſe beauty's her dowre,
Libera me, &c.

From

From a Judge that a bribe did never refuſe,
From a Saint that did never much Honeſty uſe,
From ſuch as are ſtill their Religion to chuſe,
Libera me, &c.

From Popery and its Superſtition ſo groſſe,
From all the grand Hereſies ſum'd up by Roſſe,
From a Chriſtian that hates the ſight of a Croſſe,
Libera me, &c.

From Old *John a Leyden*, and all his vile crue,
From changing my Name, and being Chriſt'ned a New,
From the Newes of a Diurnall that ſeldome proves True,
Libera me, &c.

From deſpiſing my kindred when clad poor and thin,
From a Crony whoſe Friend-ſhip is not worth a pin,
From coſening of great Men that ne'r were my kin,
Libera me, &c.

From thoſe that live Lewdly and never will Marry,
From a wanton Wife that's apt to Miſcarry,
From the pitifull fortune of *Dick* and *Harry*,
Libera me, &c.

From meeting with Rogues, and Thieves in the darke,
From ſhooting ſhort, over, or wide of the Marke,
From *Martins* Devotion at *Whetſtons* Parke,
Libera me, &c.

From him that receives all and nothing diſburſes,
From an empty head ſtuffed with Oaths and with Curſes,
From a Pray'r that's a prologue to picking of purſes,
Libera me, &c.

From

From Counterfeit money which will not Paſſe,
From an Impudent Queen with a face of Braſſe,
From a City with Patience rid like an Aſſe,
Libera me, &c.

From burying my Honour and Fame in the Dirt,
From a Bedfellow that cannot reſt for the Squirt,
From the Goute, and the Itch, and a lowzy ſhirt,
Libera me, &c.

From a fiery Sciſmatick when diſcontent,
From Learning frugality after all's ſpent,
From the fagg-end of the long Parliament,
Libera me, &c.

From falling in Waters above the Chin,
From a Woman whoſe Tongue is ſet on the Pin,
From making Religion a cloak to my Sin,
Libera me, &c.

From Old *Noll* and *Bradſhaw* now ſitting in State,
From a meeting of Quakers without *Alderſ-gate*,
From acts of Parliament quite out of Date,
Libera me, &c.

From the want of a Cloak in a terrible ſhowre.
From a Lady that looks neither Sweet nor Sower,
From the *Counter*, *Newgate*, the *Fleet*, and the *Tower*,
Libera me, &c.

From Doctors and 'Poth'caries when I'm in Health,
From thoſe that hate Pleaſure unleſſe by Stealth,
From *Harrington*, and his New Common-wealth,
Libera me, &c.

From

From backing a mad and untoward filly,
From Ignorant people and Teachers as Silly,
From the predictions of lying *Will. Lilly*,
Libera me, &c.

From heapes of Treaſure as no body prize can,
From a fool that eſteems himſelfe a wiſe man,
From a Sequeſtrator and an Excizeman,
Libera me, &c.

From an evill Conſcience, and its fierce Gripes,
From Whores, and Bawdes, and Tobacco Pipes,
From a naſty Slut with her Puddings, and Tripes,
Libera me, &c.

From a Doctor as well read in *Greek* as a Gooſe,
From a friend that playeth at faſt and looſe,
From leaving the World with my neck in a Nooſe,
Libera me, &c.

From drinking untill I am faine to Diſ-gorge,
From knaviſh Lawyers that know how to Forge,
From being a Souldier under Sir *George* ——
Libera me, &c.

From upſtart Nobles and new made Lawes,
From a pitifull Preacher that looks for applauſe,
From Red-coats, the Dev'l, and the Good Old Cauſe,
Libera me, &c.

From the teares of *Orphans*, and poor Widowes Cries,
From a Parſon that railes againſt Chriſtmas Pies,
From a Siſter that turnes up the egges of her eyes,
Libera me, &c.

From

From a thredbare Cloak and a peny-leſſe Purſe,
From a Knaves good Eſteem, and an Honeſt mans Curſe,
From dying a Rebel, or Traytor, or Worſe,
Libera me, &c.

From an impudent fooliſh Clown given to Lie,
From changing of Governments, no man knows Why,
From my Enemies Gift, and my Friends Charity,
Libera me, &c.

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